HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

A

FARCE.

OF

TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

[By James Townley]

O imitatores, Servum pecus. HOR.

DUBLIN:

Printed for THOMAS WILKINSON, in *Winetavern-ſtreet*, near *Cook-ſtreet*, 1765.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was a real Deſire to do Good, amongſt a very large and uſeful Body of People, that gave Riſe to this little Piece. The Author thought the Stage, where the Bad might be diſgrac'd, and the Good rewarded, the moſt ready and effectual Method for this Purpoſe: And, as he never wrote before in the dramatic Way, and was unwilling to be known, he was happy in recommending the Performance, by the Aſſiſtance of a Friend, to the Care and Judgment of Mr. GARRICK.

Nov. 5, 1759.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Lovel, *a young* Weſt-Indian *of Fortune*,		Mr. Obrien.
Freeman, *his Friend*,		Mr. Packer.
Philip,	*Servants to* Lovel.	Mr. Yates.
Tom,		Mr. Mozeen.
Coachman,		Mr. Clough.
Kingſton, *a Black*		Mr. Moody.
Kitty,		Mrs. Clive.
Cook,		Mrs. Bradſhaw.
Cloe a *Black*,		Mrs. Smith.
Duke's *Servant*,	*Viſitors.*	Mr. Palmer.
SirHarry's *Servant*,		Mr. King.
Lady Bab's *Maid*,		Miſs Hippiſley.
Lady Charlotte's *Maid*,		Mrs. Bennet,
Robert, *Servant to* Freeman,		Mr. Ackman.
Fidler,		Mr. Atkins.

SCENE, *London.*

HIGH LIFE
BELOW STAIRS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An Apartment in* Freeman's *Houſe.*

Freeman *and* Lovel, *entering.*

Free. A Country Boy, ha! ha! ha. How long has this Scheme been in your Head?

Lov. Some Time—I am now convinc'd of what you have often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my Servants.

Free. Oh! are you ſatsified at laſt, Mr. *Lovel?* I always told you, that there is not a worſe Set of Servants in the Pariſh of St. *James*'s, than in your Kitchen.

Lov. 'Tis with ſome Difficulty I believe it now, Mr. *Freeman*; tho' I muſt own, my Expences often make me ſtare—*Philip*, I am ſure, is an honeſt Fellow; and I will ſwear for my Blacks—If there is a Rogue among my Folks, it is that ſurly Dog *Tom.*

Free. You are miſtaken in every one. *Philip* is an hypocritical Raſcal: *Tom* has a good deal of ſurly Honeſty

about him: and for your Blacks, they are as bad as your Whites.

Lov. Prithee, *Freeman*, how came you to be ſo well acquainted with my People? None of the Wenches are handſome enough to move the Affections of a middle-aged Gentleman as you are. Ha, ha, ha.

Free. You are a young Man, Mr. *Lovel*, and take a Pride in a Number of idle, unneceſſary Servants who are the Plague and Reproach of this Kingdom.

Lov. Charles, you are an old faſhion'd Fellow. Servants a Plague and Reproach! ha, ha, ha. I would have forty more, if my Houſe would hold them. Why, Man, in *Jamaica*, before I was ten Years old, I had an hundred Blacks kiſſing my Feet every Day.

Free. You Gentry of the Weſtern Iſles are high mettled ones, and love Pomp and Parade—I have ſeen it delight your Soul, when the People in the Street have ſtared at your Equipage; eſpecially if they whiſpered loud enough to be heard, "that is 'Squire *Lovel*, the "great *Weſt-Indian*." Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. I ſhould be very ſorry if we were as ſplenetic as you Northern Iſlanders, who are devoured with Melancholy and Fog. Ha, ha, ha. No, Sir, we are Children of the Sun, and are born to diffuſe the bounteous Favours which our noble Parent is pleaſed to beſtow on us.

Free. I wiſh you had more of your noble Parent's Regularity, and leſs of his Fire. As it is, you conſume ſo faſt, that not one in twenty of you live to be fifty Years old.

Lov. But in that fifty we live two hundred, my Dear; mark that—But to Buſineſs——I am reſolved upon my Frolick—I will know whether my Servants are Rogues or not. If they are, I'll baſtinado the Raſcals; if not, I think I ought to pay for my Impertinence.——Pray tell me; is not your *Robert* acquainted with my People? Perhaps he may give me a little Light into the Thing.

Free. To tell you the Truth, Mr. *Lovel*, your Servants are ſo abandoned, that I have forbid him your Houſe—However, if you have a Mind to aſk him any Queſtion, he ſhall be forth coming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free.

Free. You ſhall; but it is an hundred to one if you get any Thing out of him; for, though he is a very honeſt Fellow, yet he is ſo much of a Servant, that he'll never tell any Thing to the Diſadvantage of another—Who waits? [*Enter Servant.*] Send *Robert* to me—[*Exit Servant.*] And what was it determined you upon this Project at all?

Lov. This Letter. It is an anonymous one, and ſo ought not to be regarded; but it has ſomething honeſt in it, and put me upon ſatisfying my Curioſity. Read it. [*Gives the Letter.*

Free. I ſhould know ſomething of this Hand. [*reads.*

To Peregrine Lovel, *Eſq*;

" Pleaſe your Honour,

" I take the Liberty to acquaint your Honour, that " you are ſadly cheated by your Servants—Your Honour " will find it as I ſay—I am not willing to be known, " whereof if I am, it may bring one into Trouble.

" So no more from your Honour's

" Servant to command."

—Odd and honeſt! Well—and now what are the Steps you intend to take?—— [*Returns the Letter.*

Lov. I ſhall immediately apply to my Friend the Manager for a Diſguiſe--Under the Form of a gawky Country Boy, I will be an Eye-witneſs of my Servants Beahviour—you muſt aſſiſt me, Mr. *Freeman.*

Free. As how, Mr. *Lovel?*

Lov. My Plan is this—I gave it out, that I was going to my Borough in *Devonſhire*, and yeſterday ſet out with a Servant in great Form, and lay at *Baſingſtoke.*—

Free. Well? ——————

Lov. I order'd the Fellow to make the beſt of his Way down into the Country, and told him that I would follow him; inſtead of that, I turn'd back, and am juſt come to Town: *Ecce Signum!*—— [*Points to his Boots.*

Free. It is now one o'Clock.

Lov. This very Afternoon I ſhall pay my People a Viſit.

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you ſhall get me introduced

introduced to *Philip* as one of your Tenant's Sons, who wants to be made a good Servant of.

Free. They will certainly diſcover you.

Lov. Never fear, I will be ſo countriſy'd that you ſhall not know me.—As they are thoroughly perſuaded I am many Miles off, they'll be more eaſily impoſed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my Departure with a drinking Bout, if they are what you deſcribe them.——

Free. Shall you be able to play your Part?

Lov. I am ſurprized, Mr. *Freeman*, that you, who have known me from my Infancy, ſhould not remember my Abilities in that Way. But you old Fellows have ſhort Memories.

Free. What ſhould I remember?

Lov. How I played *Daniel* in the *Conſcious Lovers* at School, and afterwards arrived at the diſtinguiſhed Character of the mighty Mr. *Scrub.* [*mimicking.*

Free. Ha, ha, ha! that is very well——Enough——Here is *Robert.*

Enter Robert.

Rob. Your Honour order'd me to wait on you.

Free. I did, *Robert*————*Robert?*

Rob. Sir————

Free. Come here—You know, *Robert*, I have a good Opinion of your Integrity.————

Rob. I have always endeavoured that your Honour ſhould.

Free. Pray have not you ſome Acquaintance among Mr. *Lovel*'s People?

Rob A little, pleaſe your Honour.

Free How do they behave?—We have nobody but Friends—you may ſpeak out.

Lov Aye, *Robert*, ſpeak out.

Rob. I hope your Honours will not inſiſt on my ſaying any Thing in an Affair of this Kind.

Lov. Oh, but we do inſiſt—If you know any Thing—

Rob. Sir, I am but a Servant myſelf, and it would not become me to ſpeak ill of a Brother Servant.

Free. Pſha! This is falſe Honeſty—ſpeak out.

Rob Don't oblige me, good Sir—Conſider, Sir, a Servant's Bread depends upon his *Carackter.*

Lov.

Lov. But if a Servant uſes me ill———

Rob. Alas! Sir, what is one Man's Poiſon is another Man's Meat.

Free. You ſee how they trim for one another.

Rob. Service, Sir, is no Inheritance.—A Servant that is not approved in one Place, may give Satisfaction in another. Every Body muſt live, your Honour.

Lov. Robert, I like your Heartineſs, as well as your Caution; but in my Caſe, it is neceſſary that I ſhould know the Truth.

Rob. The Truth, Sir, is not to be ſpoken at all Times, it may bring one into Trouble, whereof if———

Free. (Muſing) "Whereof if"—Pray, Mr. *Lovel*, let me ſee that Letter again [Lovel *gives the Letter.*]—Aye—it muſt be ſo—*Robert!*

Rob. Sir?

Free. Do you know any Thing of this Letter?

Rob. Letter, your Honour?

Free. Yes, Letter.

Rob I have ſeen the Hand before.

Lov. He bluſhes.

Free. I aſk you, if you were concern'd in writing this Letter——You never told me a Lie yet, and I expect the Truth from you now.

Rob. Pray your Honour, don't aſk me.

Free. Did you write it?——anſwer me———

Rob. I cannot deny it. [*Bowing.*

Lov. What induced you to it?

Rob. I will tell Truth——I have ſeen ſuch Waſte and Extravagance, and Riot, and Drunkenneſs in your Kitchen, Sir, that as my Maſter's Friend, I could not help diſcovering it to you.

Lov. Go on.

Rob. I am ſorry to ſay it to your Honour; but your Honour is not only impoſed on, but laughed at by all your Servants; eſpecially by *Philip*, who is a — very bad Man.

Lov. Philip? An ungrateful Dog!—Well?

Rob. I could not preſume to ſpeak to your Honour, and therefore I reſolved, though but a poor Scribe, to write your Honour a Letter.

Lov.

Lov. Robert, I am greatly indebted to you—Here—
(Offers Money.

Rob. On any other Account than this I ſhould be proud to receive your Honour's Bounty, but now I beg to be excuſed——— *(Refuſes the Money.*

Lov. Thou haſt a noble Heart, *Robert*, and I'll not forget you—*Freeman*, he muſt be in the Secret—Wait your Maſter's Orders.———

Rob. I will your Honour. *(Exit.*

Free. Well, Sir, are you convinced now?

Lov. Convinced? yes; and I'll be among the Scoundrels before Night—You or *Robert* muſt contrive ſome Way or other to get me introduc'd to *Philip*, as one of your Cottager's Boys out of *Eſſex*.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine Figure.

Lov. They ſhall make a fine Figure. It muſt be done this Afternoon; walk with me acroſs the Park, and I'll tell you the whole—My Name ſhall be *Jemmy*—And I am come to be a Gentleman's Servant—and will do my beſt, and hope to get a good *Caracter* *(Mimicking.*

Free. But what will you do if you find them Raſcals?

Lov Diſcover myſelf, and blow them all to the Devil—Come along———

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo—*Jemmy*—Bravo, ha, ha!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Park.*

Duke's Serv. What Wretches are ordinary Servants that go on in the ſame vulgar Tract ev'ry Day! Eating, working, and ſleeping!—But we, who have the Honour to ſerve the Nobility, are of another Species. We are above the common Forms, have Servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our Maſters—Ha!—My dear Sir *Harry!*

(Enter Sir Harry's *Servant.)*

—How have you done theſe thouſand Years?

Sir *Har.* My Lord Duke!—your Grace's moſt obedient Servant.

Duke. Well, Baronet, and where have you been?

Sir *Har.* At *Newmarket*, my Lord—We have had deviliſh fine Sport.

Duke.

Duke. And a good Appearance I hear?—Pox take it; I ſhould have been there, but our old Dutcheſs died, and we were obliged to keep Houſe, for the Decency of the Thing.

Sir *Har.* I pick'd up fifteen Pieces.

Duke, Pſhaw! a Trifle!

Sir *Har.* The Viſcount's People have been bloodily taken in this Meeting.

Duke. Credit me, Baronet, they know nothing of the Turf.

Sir *Har.* I aſſure you, my Lord, they loſt every Match; for *Crab* was beat hollow, *Careleſs* threw his Rider, and *Miſs Slammerkin* had the Diſtemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't—Taſte this Snuff, Sir *Harry.* (*Offers his Box.*

Sir *Har.* 'Tis good Rappee.

Duke Right *Straſburg*, I aſſure you, and of my own importing.

Sir *Har.* Aye?

Duke. The City People adulterate it ſo confoundedly, that I always import my own Snuff. I wiſh my Lord would do the ſame; but he is ſo indolent.—When did you ſee the Girls? I ſaw Lady *Bab* this Morning; but, 'fore God, whether it be Love or Reading, ſhe looked as pale as a Penitent.

Sir *Har.* I have juſt had this Card from *Lovel*'s People —(*Reads*) "*Philip* and Mrs. *Kitty* preſent their Com-"pliments to Sir *Harry*, and deſire the Honour of his "Company this Evening, to be of a ſmart Party, and "to eat a bit of Supper.

Duke. I have the ſame Invitation——Their Maſter, it ſeems, is gone to his Borough.

Sir *Har.* You'll be with us, my Lord?———*Philip*'s a Blood———

Duke. A Buck of the firſt Head; I'll tell you a Secret, he's going to be married.

Sir *Har.* To whom?

Duke. To *Kitty.*

Sir *Har.* No!

Duke Yes he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir *Har.* Then we may depend upon your Grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke.

Duke. If our Houſe breaks up in a tolerable Time, I'll be with you—Have you any Thing for us?

Sir *Har.* Yes, a little Bit of Poetry—I muſt be at the *Cocoa-tree* myſelf till Eight.

Duke. Heigho!—I am quite out of Spirits—I had a damn'd Debauch laſt Night, Baronet—Lord *Francis*, *Bob* the Biſhop, and I, tipt off four Bottles of *Burgundy* a piece ———Ha! there are two fine Girls coming Faith—Lady *Bab*--aye, and Lady *Charlotte*—*(takes out his Glaſs.*

Sir *Har.* We'll not join them.

Duke. Oh, yes—*Bab* is a fine Wench, notwithſtanding her Complexion; though I ſhould be glad ſhe would keep her Teeth cleaner———Your *Engliſh* Women are damn'd negligent about their Teeth———How is your *Charlotte* in that Particular?

Sir *Har.* My *Charlotte?*

Duke. Aye, the World ſays, you are to have her.

Sir *Har.* I own I did keep her Company; but we are off, my Lord.

Duke How ſo?

Sir *Har* Between you and me, ſhe has a plaguy thick Pair of Legs.

Duke. Oh, damn it, that's inſufferable.

Sir *Har.* Beſides, ſhe is a Fool, and miſs'd her Opportunity with the old Counteſs

Duke. I am afraid, Baronet, you love Money—Rot it, I never ſave a Shilling. Indeed I am ſure of a Place in the Exciſe-Lady *Charlotte* is to be of the Party to Night, how do you manage that?

Sir *Har.* Why we do meet at a third Place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuſe one another, and all that.

Duke Alamode, ha?—Here they are.

Sir *Har.* Let us retire. *(they retire.*

Enter Lady Bab's *Maid, and Lady* Charlotte's *Maid.*

Lady *Bab* Oh! fie! Lady *Charlotte*, you are quite indelicate! I'm ſorry for your Taſte.

Lady *Charl.* Well, I ſay it again, I love *Vaux-hall.*

Lady *Bab.* O my Stars! Why there is no body there but filthy Citizens.

Lady *Charl.* We were in Hopes the raiſing the Price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha.

Lady

Lady *Bab.* Ha, ha, ha,—*Runelow* for my Money.

Lady *Charl.* Now you talk of *Runelow*, when did you ſee the Colonel, Lady *Bab.*

Lady *Bab.* The Colonel? I hate the Fellow—He had the Aſſurance to talk of a Creature in *Gloceſterſhire* before my Face.

Lady *Charl.* He is a pretty Man for all that—Soldiers you know have their Miſtreſſes every where.

Lady *Bab.* I deſpiſe him—How goes on your Affair with the Baronet?

Lady *Charl.* The Baronet is a ſtupid Wretch, and I ſhall have nothing to ſay to him—You are to be at *Lovel*'s to-night, Lady *Bab?*

Lady *Bab.* Unleſs I alter my Mind---I don't admire viſiting theſe Commoners, Lady *Charlotte.*

Lady *Char.* Oh, but Mrs. *Kitty* has Taſte.

Lady *Bab.* She affects it.

Lady *Charl.* The Duke is fond of her, and he has Judgment.

Lady *Bab.* The Duke might ſhew his Judgment much better. [*Holding up her Head.*

Lady *Charl.* There he is and the Baronet too—Take no notice of them—We'll rally them by and by.

Lady *Bab.* Dull Souls! Let us ſet up a loud Laugh and leave 'em.

Lady *Charl.* Aye;-Let us begone; for the common People do ſo ſtare at us—We ſhall certainly be mobb'd.

Both. Ha, ha, ha.—Ha. ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*

Duke *and* Sir Harry *come forward.*

Duke. They certainly ſaw us, and are gone off laughing at us—I muſt follow ———

Sir *Harry.* No, no.

Duke. I muſt,—I muſt have a Party of Raillery with them, a bon mot or ſo.—Sir *Harry*, you'll excuſe me,—Adieu, I'll be with you in the Evening if poſſible; though, hark ye, there is a Bill depending in our Houſe, which the Miniſtry make a Point of our attending; and ſo you know, Mum! we muſt mind the Stops of the Great Fiddle—Adieu. [*Exit.*

Sir *Harry.* What a Coxbomb this is! and the Fellow can't read. It was but the other Day that he was Cowboy in the Country, then was bound 'Prentice to a Per-

riwig-maker, got into my Lord Duke's Family, and now ſets up for a fine Gentleman. *O Tempora! O Mores!*

Re enter Duke's *Servant.*

Duke. Sir *Harry*, prithee what are we to do at *Lovel's* when we come there?

Sir *Har.* We ſhall have the Fiddles, I ſuppoſe.

Duke. The Fiddles! I have done with Dancing ever ſince the laſt Fit of the Gout: I'll tell you what, my dear Boy, I poſitively cannot be with them, unleſs we have a little———*(Makes a Motion as if with the Dice-box.*

Sir *Har.* Fie, my Lord *Duke.*

Duke. Look ye, Baronet, I inſiſt on it—Who the Devil of any Faſhion, can poſſibly ſpend an Evening without it?—But I ſhall loſe the Girls,-How grave you look, ha, ha, ha—Well, let there be Fiddles.

Sir *Har.* But, my dear Lord, I ſhall be quite miſerable without you———

Duke. Well, I won't be particular, I'll do as the reſt do—Tol, lol, lol. *(Exit ſinging and dancing.*

Sir HARRY, *ſolus.*

He had the Aſſurance, laſt Winter, to court a Tradeſman's Daughter in the City, with two Thouſand Pounds to her Fortune,———and got me to write his Love-letters. He pretended to be an Enſign in a marching Regiment; ſo wheedled the old Folks into Conſent, and would have carried the Girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the Waſherwoman, who happened to be his firſt Couſin.

(*Enter* Philip)

———Mr. Philip, your Servant.

Phil. You are welcome to *England*, Sir *Harry*; I hope you received the Card, and will do us the Honour of your Company—My Maſter is gone into *Devonſhire*—We'll have a roaring Night.

Sir *Har.* I'll certainly wait on you.

Phi. The Girls will be with us.

Sir *Har.* Is this a Wedding Supper, Philip?

Phi. What do you mean, Sir *Harry?*

Sir *Har.* The Duke tells me ſo.

Phi. The Duke is a Fool.

Sir *Har.* Take Care what you ſay; his Grace is a Bruiſer.

Phi.

Phi. I am a Pupil of the ſame Academy, and not afraid of him, I aſſure you: Sir *Harry*, we'll have a noble Batch—I have ſuch Wine for you!

Sir *Har.* I am your Man, *Phil.*

Phi. Egad the Cellar ſhall bleed: I have ſome *Burgundy* that is fit for an Emperor———My Maſter would have given his Ears for ſome of it 'tother Day, to treat my Lord What-dye call him with; but I told him it was all gone; ha? Charity begins at home, ha?——Odſo, here is Mr. *Freeman*, my Maſter's intimate Friend; he is a dry one.—Don't let us be ſeen together—He'll ſuſpect ſomething.

Sir *Har.* I am gone.

Phi. Away, away——Remember, *Burgundy* is the Word.

Sir *Har.* Right—Long Corks! ha, *Phil?* (*Mimicks the drawing of a Cork*]—Your's. (*Exit.*

Phi. Now for a Caſt of my Office—A Starch Phiz, a canting Phraſe, and as many Lies as neceſſary——— Hem!

Enter Freeman.

Free. Oh! *Philip*—How do you do, *Philip?*—You have loſt your Maſter, I find.

Phi. It is a Loſs indeed, Sir—So good a Gentleman!—He muſt be nearly got into *Devonſhire* by this Time—Sir, your Servant. (*Going.*

Free. Why in ſuch a Hurry, *Philip?*

Phi. I ſhall leave the Houſe as little as poſſible, now his Honour is away.

Free. You are in the Right, Philip.

Phi. Servants at ſuch Times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, Sir.

Free. True; The Maſter's Abſence is the Time to try a good Servant in.

Phi. It is ſo, Sir: Sir, your Servant. (*Going.*

Free. Oh! Mr. Philip—pray—ſtay—you muſt do me a Piece of Service.

Phi. You command me, Sir——— (*Bows*

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the beſt behaved, moſt ſenſible, completeſt (Philip *bows*) Raſcals in the World. (*Aſide.*

Phi. Your Honour is pleaſed to compliment.

Free. There is a Tenant of mine in *Eſſex*, a very honeſt Man———Poor Fellow, he has a great Number of Children; and they have ſent me one of 'em; a tall, gawkie Boy, to make a Servant of; but my Folks ſay they can do nothing with him.

Phi. Let me have him, Sir.

Free. In Truth, he is an unlick'd Cub.

Phi. I will lick him into ſomething, I warrant you, Sir.—Now my Maſter is abſent, I ſhall have a good deal of Time upon my Hands, and I hate to be idle, Sir: in two Months I'll engage to finiſh him.

Free. I don't doubt it. *(Aſide.*

Phi. Sir, I have Twenty Pupils in the Pariſh of St. *James*'s; and for a Table, or a Side-board, or behind an Equipage, or in the Delivery of a Meſſage, or any Thing———

Free. What have you for Entrance?

Phi. I always leave it to Gentlemen's Generoſity.

Free. Here is a Guinea——I beg he may be taken Care of.

Phi. That he ſhall, I promiſe you *(aſide)* your Honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly. *(Aſide.*

Phi. When can I ſee him, Sir?

Free. Now directly—call at my Houſe, and take him in your Hand.

Phi. Sir, I will be with you in a Minute—I will but ſtep into the Market, to let the Tradeſmen know they muſt not truſt any of our Servants, now they are at Board-wages———Humph!

Free. How happy is Mr. *Lovel* in ſo excellent a Servant! *(Exit.*

Phi. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my Maſter's prudent Friends, who dines with him three Times a Week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five Guineas at *Chriſtmas*———Damn all ſuch ſneaking Scoundrels, I ſay. *(Exit.*

SCENE, *The Servants Hall in* Lovel's *Houſe.*

Kingſton *and* Coachman, *drunk and ſleepy.*

(Knocking at the Door.

Kingſ.

King∫. Some body knocks ——Coachy, go——go to the Door, Coachy ——

Coach. I'll not go—do you go—you black Dog.

King∫. Devil ſhall fetch me, if I go. [*knocking.*

Coach. Why then let 'em ſtay—I'll not go—Damme—Aye, knock the Door down, and let yourſelf in. [*knocking.*

King∫. Aye, aye, knock again—knock again—

Coach. Maſter is gone into *Devonſhire*—So he can't be there—So I'll go to ſleep. ——

King∫. So will I —— I'll go to ſleep too. I

Coach. You lie, Devil—You ſhall not go to ſleep till am aſleep ——I am King of the Kitchen.

King∫. No you are not King; but when you are drunk you are ſulky as a Hell—Here is Cooky coming—She is King and Queen too.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Some body has knock'd at the Door twenty Times, and nobody hears—Why Coachman—*Kingſton*—Ye drunken Bears, why don't one of you go to the Door.

Coach. You go Cook; you go——

Cook. Hang me, if I go——

King∫. Yes, yes, Cooky go; *Mollſy*, *Pollſy* go——

Cook Out you black Toad—It is none of my Buſineſs, and go I will not. [*Sits down.*

Enter Philip *with* Lovel *diſguiſed.*

Phil. I might have ſtaid at the Door all Night, as the little Man in the Play ſays, if I had not had the Key of the Door in my Pocket—What is come to you all?

Cook There is *John* Coachman, and *Kingſton*, as drunk as two Bears.

Phil. Ah, hah! my Lads, what, finiſh'd already? Theſe are the very beſt of Servants—Poor Fellows, I ſuppoſe they have been drinking their Maſter's good Journey——ha, ha, ha.

Lov. No doubt on't. [*aſide*

Phil. Yo ho, get to bed, you Dogs, and ſleep yourſelves ſober, that you may be able to get drunk again by and by—They are as faſt as a Church—*Jemmy.*

Lov. Anon?

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes—I loves Ale.

Phil.——You Dog, you ſhall ſwim in *Burgundy*.

Lov. Burgundy? What's that?

Phil. Cook, wake thoſe honeſt Gentlemen, and ſend them to bed.

Cook. It is impoſſible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake 'em, Sir, if I might—— Heh——

Phil. Do *Jemmy*, wake 'em *Jemmy*—ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Hip—Mr. Coachman. [*Gives him a great Slap on the Face.*

Coach. Oh! oh! What? Zounds! Oh Damn you!——

Lov. What Blackey, Blackey. [*Pulls him by the Noſe.*

Kingſ. Oh! oh!—What now! Curſe you! Oh!—Cot tam you.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha—Well done *Jemmy*——Cook, ſee thoſe Gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up, I ſay ſo too; not I indeed——

Coach. She ſhan't ſee us to bed—We'll ſee ourſelves to bed.

Kingſ. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed toge h r. [*Exeunt reeling.*

Phil. You ſee how we live, Boy.

Lov. Yes, I *ſees* how you live——

Phil. Let the Supper be elegant, Cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My Maſter to be ſure: Who elſe? ha, ha, ha. He is ri h enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Humh. [*aſide.*

Phil. Each of us muſt take a Part, and ſink it in our next weekly Bills; that is the Way.

Lov. Soh! [*aſide.*

Cook Prithee *Philip*, what Boy is this?

Phil. A Boy of *Freeman's* recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm Squire *Freeman's* Boy——Heh——

Cook. Freeman is a ſtingy Hound; and you may tell im I ſay ſo. He dines here three Times a Week, and never ſaw the Colour of his Money yet.

Lov.

Lov. Ha, ha, That is good—*Freeman* ſhall have it. [*aſide.*

Cook. I muſt ſtep to the Tallow-Chandlers to diſpoſe of ſome of my Perquiſites; and then I'll ſet about Supper———

Phil Well ſaid, Cook, that is right, the Perquiſite is the Thing, Cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe, where are you, *Cloe*——— [*Calls.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Yes, Miſtreſs ———

Cook. Take thet Box and follow me

Cloe. Yes, Miſtreſs, [*takes the Box*]—Who is this? [*ſeeing* Lovel.] Hee, hee, hee, O Chi!—This is pretty Boy—Hee, hee, hee.—Oh—This is pretty red Hair, hee, hee, hee—You ſhall be in love with me by-and-by—Hee, hee. [*Exit chucking* Lovel *under the Chin.*

Lov. A very pretty Amour. [*aſide.*] Oh la! What a fine Room is this—Is this the Dining Room, pray Sir?

Phil. No, our drinking Room.

Lov. La! la! What a fine Lady here is———This is Madam, I ſuppoſe.

Enter Kitty.

Phil. Where have you been, *Kitty?*

Kit. I have been diſpoſing of ſome of his Honour's Shirts and other Linen, which it is a Shame his Honour ſhould wear any longer———Mother *Barter* is above and waits to know if you have any Commands for her.

Phil. I ſhall diſpoſe of my Wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here? [Lovel *bows.*

Phil. A Boy of *Freeman's* a poor ſilly Fool———

Lov. Thank you ——— [*aſide.*

Phil. I intend the Entertainment this Evening as a Compliment to you, *Kitty.*

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. *Philip.*

Phil. But I beg I may ſee none of your Airs, or hear none of your *French* Gibberiſh with the Duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, *Phil.* [*fawningly.*

Phil. I intend, before our Marriage, to ſettle ſomething handſome on you; and with the five hundred Pounds which

which I have already ſaved in this extravagant Fellow's Family———

Lov. A Dog! [*Aſide*]——O la, la, what have you got five hundred Pounds?

Phil. Peace, Blockhead———

Kit. I tell you what you ſhall do, *Phil.*

Phil. Aye, what ſhall I do?

Kit. You ſhall ſet up a Chocolate-houſe, my Dear—

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded——— [*Apart.*

Kit. You know my Education was a very genteel one——— I was Half-boarder at *Chelſea*, and I ſpeak *French* like a Native—*Comment vous porter vous, Mounſieur.* [*Awkwardly.*

Phil. Pſha! Pſha!

Kit. One is nothing without *French*—I ſhall ſhine in the Bar———Do you ſpeak *French*, Boy?

Lov. Anon———

Kit. Anon—O the Fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here, do, and let me new mould you a little—you muſt be a good Boy, and wait upon the Gentlefolks to Night [*She ties and powders his Hair.*

Lov. Yes, an't pleaſe you, I'll do my beſt.

Kit. His beſt! O the Natural!——This is a ſtrange Head of Hair of thine, Boy———It is ſo coarſe, and ſo carrotty.

Lov. All my Brothers and Siſters be red in the Pole.

Phil Kit. Ha, ha, ha!——— *Loud Laugh.*

Kit. There—Now you are ſomething like—Come, *Phillip*, give the Boy a Leſſon, and then I'll lecture him out of the *Servants Guide.*

Phil. Come, Sir, hold up your Head—very well—Turn out your Toes, Sir—very well——— now call Coach———

Lov. What is call Coach?

Phil. Thus, Sir: Coach, Coach, Coach. [*Loud.*

Lov. Coach, Coach, Coach [*Imitating.*

Phil. Admirable! the Knave has a good Ear—Now Sir, tell me a Lie.

Lov. O la! I never told a Lie in all my Life.

Phil. Then it is high Time you ſhould begin now; what is a Servant good for that can't tell a Lie?

Kit.

Kit. And ſtand in it—Now I'll lecture him [*Takes out a Book*] This is *The Servant's Guide to Wealth, by* Timothy Shoulderknot, *formerly Servant to ſeveral Noblemen, and now an Officer in the Cuſtoms. Neceſſary for all Servants*

Phil. Mind, Sir, what excellent Rules the Book contains, and remember them well ——Come, *Kitty*, begin———

Kit. (Reads) Advice to the Footman:

" Let it for ever be your Plan
" To be the Maſter, not the Man,
" And do as little as you can.

Lov. He, he, he!——Yes, I'll do nothing at all——not I.

Kit. " At Market, never think it Sealing,
" To keep with Tradeſmen *proper* Dealing;
" All Stewards have a Fellow-feeling.

Phil. You will underſtand that better one Day or other, Boy.

Kit. To the Groom.

" Never allow your Maſter able
" To judge of Matters in the Stable.
" If he ſhould roughly ſpeak his Mind,
" Or to diſmiſs you ſeems inclin'd,
" Lame the beſt Horſe, or break his Wind.

Lov. Oddines! that's good—he, he, he!

Kit. To the Coachman.

" If your good Maſter on you doats,
" Ne'er leave his Houſe to ſerve a Stranger,
" But pocket Hay, and Straw, and Oats,
" And let the Horſes eat the Manger.

Lov. Eat the Manger! he, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a Time——Here, Boy, take the Book, and read it every Night and Morning before you ſay your Prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha!——very good——But now for Buſineſs.

Kit. Right——I'll go and get one of the Damaſk Table-cloths, and ſome Napkins; and be ſure, *Phil.* your Side-board is very ſmart. [*Exit.*

Phil. That it ſhall——Come, *Jemmy*—— [*Exit.*

Lov. Soh!—Soh!—It works well. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Servants Hall, with the Supper and Side-board ſet out.*

Philip, Kitty, *and* Loveſ.

Kit. WELL, *Phil.* what think you? Don't we look very ſmart?—Now let 'em come as ſoon as they will, we ſhall be ready for 'em.

Phil. 'Tis very well; but———

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wiſh we could get that ſnarling Cur, *Tom*, to make one.

Kit. What is the Matter with him?

Phil I don't know——He's a queer Son of a———

Kit. Oh, I know him; he is one of your ſneaking half-bred Fellows, that prefers his Maſter's Intereſt to his own.

Phil.———Here he is.

(*Enter* Tom.)

—And why won't you make one to-night, *Tom?* Here's Cook and Coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We ſhall have ſomething that's good.

Tom. And make your Maſter pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now, you think yourſelf mighty honeſt———Ha, ha, ha.

Tom. A little honetter than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Harkyee, you Mr. Honeſty, don't be ſaucy——

Lov. This is worth liſtening to. [*aſide.*

Tom. What Madam, you are afraid for your Cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, Sirrah, Cully? Afraid, Sirrah, afraid of what? [*Goes up to* Tom.

Phil. Ay Sir, afraid of what? [*Goes up on the other Side.*

Lov. Ay, Sir, afraid of what? [*Goes up too.*

Tom. I value none of you———I know your Tricks.

Phil. What do you know, Sirrah?

Kit.

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, Sir, what do you know?

Kit. I know that you two are in Fee with every Tradeſman belonging to the Houſe ——— And that you, Mr. *Cledpole*, are in a fair Way to be hang'd [*Strikes* Lovel.

Phil. What do you ſtrike the Boy for?

Lov. It is an honeſt Blow. [*Aſide.*

Tom. I'll ſtrike him again.———'Tis ſuch as you that bring a Scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your Impudence, *Tom.*

Tom. E—ad, Madam the Gentry may well complain when they get ſuch Servants as you into their Houſes, ———There's your good Friend, Mother *Barter*, the old-cloths Woman, the greateſt Thief in Town, juſt now gone out with her Apron full of his Honour's Linen.

Kit. Well, Sir, and did you never——— ha!

Tom. No, never: I have liv'd with his Honour four Years, and never took a Value of That [*Snapping his Fingers.*]——— His Honour is a Prince; gives noble Wages, and keeps noble Company, and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your Fingers.——Shame on you!———

Lov. The Fellow I thought a Rogue is the only honeſt Servant in my Houſe. [*Aſide.*

Kit. Out you mealy-mouth'd Cur!

Phil. Well, go tell his Honour, do——ha, ha, ha.

Tom. I ſcorn that—Damn an Informer!—but yet, I hope his Honour will find you two out, one Day or other ——That's all.——— [*Exit.*

Kit. This Fellow muſt be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his Buſineſs for him, when his Honour comes to Town.

Lov. You lie you Scoundrel, you will not. [*Aſide.*

——O la, here is a fine Gentleman.

Enter Duke's *Servant.*

Duke. Ah! ma chere Mademſeille! Comment vous portez vous?

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercier. Munſieur.

Phil. Now we ſhall have Nonſenſe by wholeſale.

Duke.

Duke. How do you do Phillip?

Phil. Your Grace's humble Servant.

Duke. But my dear *Kitty*———— [*Talk apart.*

Phil. Jemmy.

Lov. Anon?

Phil. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the Cellar.

Lov. Yes—I will—But won't you aſk *he* to drink?

Phil. No, no, he will have his Share by and by—— Come along.

Lov. Yes. [*Exeunt* Philip *and* Lovel.

Kit. Indeed I thought your Grace an Age in coming.

Duke. Upon Honour, our Houſe is but this Moment up———You have a damn'd vile Collection of Pictures I obſerve, above Stairs, *Kitty*——— Your 'Squire has no Taſte ———

Kit. No Taſte? That's impoſſible, for he has laid out a vaſt deal of Money.

Duke. There is not an original Picture in the whole Collection—Where could he pick 'em up?

Kit. He employs three or four Men to buy for him, and he always pays for Originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre Eau de Luce—— My Head aches confoundedly [*She gives a Smelling-bottle.*]—*Kitty*, my dear, I hear you are going to be married—

Kit. Pardonnez moi, for that.——

Duke. If you get a Boy, I'll be Godfather, Faith,—

Kit. How you rattle Duke!—I am thinking my Lord, When I had the Honour to ſee you laſt.

Duke. At the Play, Mademſeille.———

Kit. Your Grace loves a Play?

Duke. No It is a dull old-faſhioned Entertainment—I hate it———

Kit. Well give me a good Tragedy.

Duke. It muſt not be a modern one then—You are deviliſh handſome, *Kate*—Kiſs me—[*Offers to kiſs her.*

Enter Sir Harry's *Servant.*

Sir *Har.* Oh ho, are you there abouts, my Lord Duke? That may do very well by and by—However you'll never find me behind hand. [*Offers to kiſs her.*

Duke. Stand off, you are a Commoner—Nothing under Nobility approaches *Kitty.*

Sir

Sir *Har.* You are ſo deviliſh proud of your Nobility—Now I think we have more true Nobility than you—Let me tell you, Sir, a Knight of the Shire———

Duke. A Knight of the Shire! ha, ha, ha! a mighty Honour, truly, to repreſent all the Fools in the County.

Kit. O lud! this is charming to ſee two Noblemen quarrel.

Sir *Har.* Why any Fool may be born to a Title, but only a wiſe Man can make himſelf honourable.

Kit. Well ſaid, Sir *Harry*, that is good *Morillity*.

Duke. I hope you make ſome Difference between Hereditary Honours and the Huzzas of a Mob.

Kit. Very ſmart, my Lord—Now, Sir *Harry*———

Sir *Har.* If you make uſe of your Hereditary Honours to ſcreen you from Debt———

Duke. Zounds! Sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold, I ſhall have ſome fine old Noble Blood ſpilt here—Ha' done, Sir *Harry*———

Sir *Har.* Not I——Why he is always valuing himſelf upon his upper Houſe.

Duke. We have Dignity. [*ſlowly.*

Sir *Har.* But what becomes of your Dignity if we refuſe the Supplies? [*quick.*

Kit. Peace, Peace——Here's Lady *Bab*———

Enter Lady Bab's *Servant in a Chair.*

Dear Lady *Bab*———

Lady *Bab.* Mrs. *Kitty*, your Servant—I was afraid of taking cold, and ſo ordered the Chair down Stairs. Well, and how do you do?—My Lord Duke, your Servant———and Sir *Harry* too———your's.

Duke. Your Ladyſhip's devoted———

Lady *Bab.* I am afraid I have treſpaſſed in Point of Time—[*Looks on her Watch*]———But I got into my fav'rite Author.

Duke. Yes, I found her Ladyſhip at her Studies this Morning—— ſome wicked Poem——

Lady *Bab.* Oh you Wretch!———I never read but one Book.

Kit. What is your Ladyſhip ſo fond of?

Lady *Bab.* *Shikſpur.* Did you never read *Shikſpur?*

Kit. *Shikſpur? Shikſpur?*——Who wrote it?——No, never read *Shikſpur.*

Lady *Bab.* Then you have an immenſe Pleaſure to come.

Kit. Well then, I'll read it over one Afternoon or other——Here's Lady *Charlotte*——

(Enter Lady Charlotte's *Maid in a Chair.*

——Dear Lady *Charlotte*——

Lady *Char.* Oh, Mrs. *Kitty*, I thought I never ſhould have reach'd your Houſe——Such a Fit of the Cholic ſeiz'd me——Oh, Lady *Bab*, how long has your Ladyſhip been here?——My Chairmen were ſuch Drones——My Lord Duke, the Pink of all good Breeding.

Duke. Oh Mam—— [*bowing.*

Lady *Char.* And Sir *Harry*—Your Servant Sir *Harry.* [*formally.*

Sir *Har.* Madam your Servant——I am ſorry to hear your Ladyſhip has been ill——

Lady *Char.* You muſt give me Leave to doubt the Sincerity of that Sorrow, Sir,——Remember the *Park.*

Sir *Har.* The *Park?* I'll explain that Affair, Madam.

Lady *Char.* I want none of your Explanations. [*ſcornfully.*

Sir *Har.* Dear Lady *Charlotte!*——

Lady *Char.* No, Sir; I have obſerv'd your Coolneſs of late, and deſpiſe you——A trumpery Baronet!

Sir *Har.* I ſee how it is; nothing will ſatisfy you but Nobility——That fly Dog the Marquis——

Lady *Char.* None of your Reflections, Sir——The Marquis is a Perſon of Honour, and above enquiring after a Lady's Fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir *Har.* I—I—Madam?——I ſcorn ſuch a Thing—I aſſure you, Madam, I never——That is to ſay——Egad I am confounded—My Lord Duke, what ſhall I ſay to her—Pray help me out—— [*aſide.*

Duke. Aſk her to ſhew her Legs. Ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Enter Philip *and* Lovel, *loaded with Bottles.*

Phil. Here, my little Peer——Here is Wine that will enoble your Blood—Both your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

Lovel. (Affecting to be drunk.)

Both your Ladyſhips moſt humble Servant——

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the Boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the Cellar. Ha, ha, ha.

Lov.

Lov. Yes, I am free——I am very free————

Phil. He has had a Smack of every Sort of Wine, from humble Port to imperial Tokay ————

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking *Kokay.*

Kit. Go, get you ſome Sleep, Child, that you may wait on his Lordſhip by and by.

Lov. Thank you, Madam —— I will certainly wait on their Lordſhips and their Ladyſhips too. [*aſide and Exit.*

Phil. Well Ladies, what ſay you to a Dance, and then to Supper? Have you had your Tea?

All. A Dance, a Dance————No Tea—No Tea.

Phil. Here, Fidler (*calls*) I have provided a very good Hand, you ſee.

(*Enter* Fidler *with a wooden Leg.*)

Sir *Har.* Not ſo well leg'd, Mr. Philip.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Le drole!————Harkye, Mr.——which Leg do you beat Time with?

All. Ha, ha, ha. [*loud laugh.*

Sir *Har.* What can you play, Domine?

Fid. Any Thing, an't pleaſe your Honour, from a Jig to a Sonata.

Phi Come here—Where are all our People? [*Enter* Coachman, Cook, Kingſton, Cloe. I'll couple you—My Lord Duke will take *Kitty*————Lady *Bab* will do me the Honour of her Hand; Sir *Harry* and Lady *Charlotte*—Coachman and Cook, and the two Devils dance together—Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. With Submiſſion, the Country Dances by-and-by.

Lady *Char.* Ay, ay; *French* Dances before Supper, and Country Dances after——I beg the Duke and Mrs. *Kitty* may give us a Minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady *Charlotte*, conſider my poor Gout—Sir *Harry* will oblige us. [*Sir* Harry *bows.*

All. Minuet, Sir *Harry*—Minuet Sir *Harry*————

Fid. What Minuet would your Honours pleaſe to have?

Kit. What Minuet?——Let me ſee——Play *Marſhal* Thinggumbob's Minuet.

(A Minuet by Sir Harry *and* Kitty *aukard and conceited.*

Lady *Char.* Mrs. *Kitty* dances ſweetly.

Phil. And Sir *Harry* delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a Commoner.

Phil. Come now to Supper——A Gentleman and a Lady——Here, Fidler *(gives Money)* Waits without.

Fid. Yes, an't pleaſe your Honour. [*Exit with a Tankard.*

[*They ſit down.*]

Phil. We will ſet the Wine on the Table———Here is Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne, and a Bottle of Tokay for the Ladies———There are Tickets on every Bottle——If any Gentleman chuſes Port———

Duke. Port?———'Tis only fit for a Dram.

Kit. Lady *Bab*, what ſhall I ſend you?———Lady *Charlotte*, pray be free; the more free the more welcome, as they ſay in my Country——The Gentlemen will be ſo good as to take care of themſelves. [*a pauſe.*

Duke. Lady *Charlotte* "Hob or Nob!"

Lady *Char.* Done, my Lord——In Burgundy, if you pleaſe.

Duke. Here's your Sweetheart and mine, and the Friends of the Company. [*They drink. A pauſe.*

Phil. Come, Ladies and Gentlemen, a Bumper all round——I have a Health for you——"Here is to the "Amendment of our Maſters and Miſtreſſes."

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. [*loud Laugh. A pauſe.*

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your Opinion of a ſingle Gentleman's Service.

Lady *Char.* Do you mean an *old* ſingle Gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. [*loud laugh.*

Phil. My Lord Duke your Toaſt.

Duke. Lady *Betty*———

Phil. Oh no—A Health and a Sentiment.

Duke. A Health and a Sentiment?——No, no, let us have a Song——Sir *Harry* your Song———

Sir

Sir *Har.* Would you have it———Well then ——— Mrs. *Kitty*, we muſt call upon you——Will you honour my Muſe?

All. A Song, a Song, ay, ay, Sir *Harry*'s Song—— Sir *Harry*'s Song.———

Duke. A Song to be ſure,———but firſt,——Preludio—[*Kiſſes* Kitty] Pray Gentlemen put it about.

[*Kiſſing round*———Kingſton *kiſſes* Cloe *heartily.*

Sir *Har.* See how the Devils kiſs!

Kit. I am really hoarſe; but—Hem—I muſt clear up my Pipes——Hem———This is Sir *Harry*'s Song; being a new Song, entitled and called,

The Fellow Servant, or All in a Livery.

(Kitty Sings.)

I.

Come here Fellow Servant, and liſten to me,
I'll ſhew you how thoſe of ſuperior Degree
Are only Dependants, no better than we.
Chorus, *Both high and low in this do agree,*
'Tis here Fellow Servant,
And there Fellow Servant,
And all in a Livery.

II.

See yonder fine Spark in Embroidery dreſt,
Who bows to the Great, and if they ſmile, is bleſt;
What is he? I'faith, but a Servant at beſt.
Cho. *Both high,* &c.

III.

Nature made all alike, no Diſtinction ſhe craves,
So we laugh at the great World, its Fools and its Knaves,
For we are all Servants, but they are all Slaves.
Cho. *Both high,* &c.

IV.

The fat ſhining Glutton, looks up to the Shelf,
The wrinkled lean Miſer bows down to his Pelf,
And the curlpated Beau is a Slave to himſelf,
Cho. *Both high,* &c.

V.

The gay ſparkling Belle, who the whole Town alarms,
And with Eyes, Lips, and Neck, ſets the Smarts all in Arms,
Is a Voſſal herſelf a mere Drudge to her Charms.
Cho. *Both high,* &c.

VI.

Then we'll drink like our Betters, and laugh, ſing, and love;
And when ſick of one Place, to another we'll move,
For with Little and Great, the beſt Joy is to rove.

Chorus, *Both high and low, in this do agree,*
That 'tis here Fellow Servant,
And there Fellow Servant,
And all in a Livery.

Phil. How do you like it, my Lord Duke?
Duke. It is a damn'd vile Compoſition———
Phil. How ſo?
Duke. O very low! Very low indeed.
Sir *Har.* Can you make a better?
Duke. I hope ſo.
Sir *Har.* That is very conceited.
Duke. What is conceited, you Sconndrel?
Sir *Har.* Scoundrel! You are a Raſcal——I'll pull you by the Noſe—— (*All riſe.*
Duke. Look ye, Friend; don't give yourſelf Airs, and make a Diſturbance among the Ladies.——If you are a Gentleman, name your Weapons.
Sir *Har.* Weapons! What you will—Piſtols——
Duke. Done——Behind *Montague Houſe*——
Sir *Har.* Done——With Seconds.
Duke. Done——
Phil. Oh for Shame, Gentlemen—My Lord Duke!—Sir *Harry*, the Ladies! fie! (*Duke and Sir* Harry *affect to ſing.*

A violent Knocking.

Phil What the Devil, can that be, *Kitty?*
Kit. Who can it poſſibly be?

Phil. *Kingſton*, run up Stairs and peep. [*Exit* King ſ. It ſounds like my Maſter's Rap—Pray Heaven it is not he?—[*Enter* Kingſton] Well *Kingſton*, what is it?

Kingſ. It is Maſter and Mr. *Freeman*—I peep'd thro' the Key-hole, and ſaw them by the Lamp Light—*Tom* has juſt let them in ———

Phil. The Devil he has? What can have brought him back?

Kit. No Matter what—Away with the Things———

Phil. Away with the Wine—Away with the Plate—Here Coachman, Cook, Cloe, Kingſton, bear a Hand—Out with the Candles—Away, away.

[*They carry away the Table*, &c.

Viſitors. What ſhall we do? What ſhall we do?

[*They all run about in Confuſion.*

Kit. Run up Stairs, Ladies.

Phil. No, no, no—— He'll ſee you then———

Sir *Har.* What the Devil had I to do here?

Duke. Pox take it, face it out.

Sir *Har.* Oh no; theſe *Weſt-Indians* are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him ſee any of you for the World.

Lov. [*without*] Philip—— Where's Philip.

Phil. Oh the Devil! he's certainly coming down Stairs—Sir *Harry*, run down into the Cellar—My Lord Duke, get into the Pantry———Away, away.

Kit. No, no; do you put their Lordſhips into the Pantry, and I'll take his Grace into the Coal-hole.

Viſit. Any where, any where———Up the Chimney if you will.

Phil. There——in with you. [*they all go into the Pantry.*

Lov. [*without*] Philip———Phi ip———

Phil. Coming, Sir,———[*aloud*]———*Kitty*, have you never a good Book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is *one*.

Phil. Egad, this is Black *Monday* with us———Sit down——Seem to read your Book——Here he is, as drunk as a Piper——— [*they ſit down.*

Enter

Enter Lovel *with Piſtols, affecting to be drunk,* Freeman *following.*

Lov. Philip, the Son of *Alexander* the Great, where are all my Myrmidons?—What the Devil makes you up ſo early this Morning?

Phil. He is very drunk indeed—*(Aſide)*—Mrs. *Kitty* and I had got into a good Book your Honour.

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare ſay—ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Come ſit down, *Freeman*,—Lie you there, *(lays his Piſtols down)* I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip———

Phil. A good Servant is never afraid of being caught, Sir.———

Lov. I have ſome Accounts that I muſt ſettle——

Phil. Accounts, Sir! to Night?

Lov. Yes; to Night—I find myſelf perfectly clear—you ſhall ſee I'll ſettle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your Honour will go into the Parlour?

Lov. No I'll ſettle 'em all here.

Kit. Your Honour muſt not ſit here———

Lov. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take Cold, Sir; the Room has not been waſhed above an Hour

Lov. What a curſed Lie that is! *(Aſide.*

Duk. Philip.—Philip.—Philip. *(peeping out.*

Phil. Pox take you!—Hold your Tongue— *(aſide.*

Free. You have juſt nick'd them in the very Minute. *(Aſide to* Lovel.

Lov. I find I have—Mum—*(Aſide to* Freeman) Get ſome Wine Philip—*(Exit* Philip)—Tho' I muſt eat ſomething before I drink—*Kitty*, what have you got in the Pantry?

Kit. In the Pantry? Lard, your Honour! We are at Board Wages———

Free. I could eat a Morſel of cold Meat.

Lov. You ſhall have it—Here—*(riſes*——Open the Pantry Door—I'll be about your Board Wages!——I have treated you often, now you ſhall treat your Maſter.———

Kitty.

Kit. If I may be believed, Sir, there is not a Scrap of any Thing in the World in the Pantry [*Oppoſing him.*

Lov. Well then we muſt be contented, *Freeman* —— Let us have a Cruſt of Bread and a Bottle of Wine.

[*Sits down again.*

Kit. Sir, had not my Maſter better go to Bed——

[*Makes Signs to* Freeman *that* Lovel *is drunk.*

Lov. Bed! Not I——I'll ſit here all Night——'Tis very pleaſant! and nothing like Variety in Life——— Sir *Harry.* [*Peeping*] Mrs. *Kitty*, Mrs. *Kitty*——

Kit. Peace, on your Life. *Aſide.*

Lov. Kitty, what Voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's Sir——Hem——

[Phillip *brings Wine.*]

Lov. Soh—Very well—Now do you two march off—March off I ſay.———

Phil. We can't think of leaving your Honour—For egad if we do, we are undone. [*aſide.*

Lov. Begone——My Service to you *Freeman*,—This is good Stuff.——

Free. Excellent. [*Somebody in the Pantry ſneezes.*

Kit. We are undone; undone. [*aſide.*

Phil. Oh! That is the Duke's damn'd Rappee. [*aſide.*

Lov. Didn't you hear a Noiſe, *Charles?*

Free. Somebody ſneez'd, I thought.

Lov. Dam it! There are Thieves in the Houſe—I'll be among 'em. ——— *Takes a Piſtol.*

Kit. Lack-a-day, Sir, it was only the Cat — They ſometimes ſneeze for all the World like a Chriſtian—— Here, *Jack*, *Jack*—He has got a Cold, Sir,—Puſs,—Puſs.———

Lov. A Cold? Then I'll cure him—Here *Jack*, *Jack*, —Puſs, Puſs ———

Kit. Your Honour won't be ſo raſh—Pray your Honour, don't.——— [*Oppoſing.*

Lov. Stand off—Here *Freeman*—Here's a Barrel for Buſineſs, with a Brace of Slugs, and well-primed, as you ſee—*Freeman*—I'll hold you five to four—Nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the Cat thro' the Key-hole of that Pantry Door.

Free

Free. Try, try, but I think it impoſſible ———

Lov. I am a damn'd good Markſman. [*Cocks the Piſtol to, and points it at the Pantry Door,*]—Now for it! [*A violent Shriek, and all is diſcovered*]—Who the Devil are all theſe? One,—two,—three—four. ———

Phil. They are particular Friends of mine, Sir. Servants to ſome Noblemen in the Neighbourhood.

Lov. I told you there were Thieves in the Houſe.

Free. Ha, ha, ha.

Phil. I aſſure your Honour they have been entertained at our own Expence, upon my Word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your Honour, if it was the laſt Word I had to ſpeak. ———

Lov. Take up that Bottle ——— [Phillip *takes up a Bottle with a Ticket to it, and is going of.*] ——— Bring it back—Do you uſually entertain your Company with *Tokay*, Monſieur?

Phil. I Sir, treat with Wine!

Lov. O yes, *from humble Port to imperial Tokay too.* [Mimicking himſelf.

Phil. How!——*Jemmy* my Maſter!

Kit. Jemmy! the Devil! ———

Phil. Your Honour is at preſent in Liquor—But in the Morning, when your Honour is recovered, I will ſet all to rights again ———

Lovel. [*Changing his Countenance and turning his Wig.*] We'll ſet all to rights now—There, I am ſober, at your Service—What have you to ſay, *Phillip?* [Phillip *ſtarts.*] You may well ſtart—Go, get out of my Sight.

Duke. Sir—I have not the Honour to be known to you, but I have the Honour to ſerve his Grace the Duke of ———

Lov. And the Impudence familiarly to aſſume his Title—Your Grace will give me leave to tell you, "That is, "the Door"—and if you ever enter there again, I aſſure you, my Lord Duke, I will break every Bone in your Grace's Skin—Begone—I beg their Ladyſhip's Pardon, perhaps they cannot go without Chairs——— Ha, ha, ha.

Free. Ha, ha, ha. [*Sir* Harry *ſteals off.*

Duke.

Duke. Low bred Fellows! *(Exit.*

Lady *Charl.* I thought how this Viſit would turn out. *(Exit.*

Lady *Bab.* They are downright *Hotterpots.* *(Exit.*

Philip *and* Kitty.

I hope your Honour will not take away our Bread.

Lov. "Five hundred Pounds will ſet you up in a "Chocolate Houſe—You'll ſhine in the Bar, Madam" —I have been an Eye-witneſs of your Roguery, Extravagance, and Ingratitude.

Philip *and* Kitty.

Oh, Sir!——Good, Sir!

Lov. You, Madam, may ſtay here till To-morrow Morning——And there, Madam, is the Book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "Night and Morning be-"fore you ſay your Prayers."

Kit. I am ruin'd and undone——— *(Exit.*

Lov. But you, Sir, for your Villainy, and (what I hate worſe) your Hypocriſy, ſhall not ſtay a Minute longer in this Houſe; and here comes an honeſt Man to ſhew you the Way out—Your Keys, Sir———Philip *gives Keys.*

Enter Tom.

———*Tom,* I reſpect and value you——You are an honeſt Servant, and ſhall never want Encouragement—Be ſo good, *Tom,* as to ſee that Gentleman out of my Houſe *(points to* Philip)—and then take charge of the Cellar and Plate.

Tom. I thank your Honour; but I would not riſe on the Ruin of a Fellow-ſervant.

Lov. No Remonſtrances, *Tom*; it ſhall be as I ſay.—

Phil. What a curſed Fool have I been? *Exeunt Servants.*

Lov. Well, *Charles,* I muſt thank you for my Frolick ——It has been a wholſome one to me———Have I done right?

Free. Entirely—No Judge could have determin'd better—As you puniſh'd the Bad, it was but Juſtice to reward the Good———

Lov. A faithful Servant is a worthy Character.

Free. And can never receive too much Encouragement.

Lov.

Lov. Right.

Free. You have made *Tom* very happy.

Lov. And I intend to make your *Robert* ſo too—Every honeſt Servant ſhould be made happy.

Free. But what an inſufferable Piece of Aſſurance is it in ſome of theſe Fellows to affect and imitate their Maſters Manners?

Lov. What Manners muſt thoſe be, which they can imitate?

Free. True.

Lov. If Perſons of Rank would act up to their Standard, it would be impoſſible that their Servants could ape them———But when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the Power of any low Creature to follow their Example.

THE END.

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